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BY OX-TEAM

TO

CALIFORNIA

Personal Narrative of

NANCY A. HUNT

HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

Prepared from original manuscript by Professor Rockwell D. Hunt, Professor in the University of Southern California, and President of the Historical Society of Southern California. The original manuscript was prepared more than twenty years ago, with great care and considerable research, but of course chiefly from memory.

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Mrs. Nancy Hunt.

ONE of my sons has requested me to write the story of my early life. Whether he is in jest or in earnest I do not know: if in earnest, I know not why he thinks I could do such a thing. It must be either because I have given birth and raised to stalwart manhood seven sons, or because I was a pioneer in the great State of Illinois, and also in our sunny State, California. He must have some reason for it: perhaps it is this—just to know something of our family history. I myself have often wished I knew more of the history of my parents and ancestors; so I will do what I can to grant my son's request for this reason, if for no other.

I must begin back with my ancestors. From a rare old book, "The Pioneer Families of Missouri," I have learned that Jacob Zumwalt emigrated from Germany to America during colonial times and settled first in Pennsylvania, at the present site of Little York. Mr. Zumwalt was married twice. By his first wife he had two sons and two daughters, and by his second five sons and one daughter. It is said that his son Jacob built the first hewed log house that was ever erected on the north side of the Missouri River in 1798, about one and a half miles northwest of O'Fallen Station, on the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern Railway. I have not been able to trace the connection between the Missouri Zumwalts and my own parents, though all were no doubt related.

The name of my great-great-grandfather was Adam Zumwalt. His son, George Zumwalt, emigrated from Germany to America, and lived in Virginia, where my grandfather, Jacob Zumwalt, was born. The names of great-grandfather's children were Jacob, Elizabeth, Henry, Mary, Magdalene, Christina, Philip, Christian, and John. My grandfather (Jacob

Zumwalt), also had nine children, whose names were Sarah, Mary, Joseph, Daniel, Jacob, Elizabeth, Eleanor, George and John. The fifth of these, Jacob Zumwalt, was my father.

Grandmother Zumwalt's maiden name was Nancy Ann Spurgeon. She was born in Pennsylvania, of parents who had come from England, and so was related to the Spurgeons of that country.

My mother's maiden name was Susanna Smith. She was the daughter of Reuben Smith, whose children were Sally, John, Joel, Anna, Joseph, Phoebe, Reuben, Stephen, Mary Ann, Clarenda, Elizabeth, Susanna and Cynthia. My great grandparents, Oliver Smith and Sarah Herrick, who were born and married in England, came to America about 1770. Sarah Herrick was a very large woman, taller than Reuben Smith, who was six feet six inches tall. Oliver Smith was a physician and surgeon, and was quite wealthy until the Indians took and destroyed his property. Grandmother Smith died January 17, 1834; and grandfather Reuben Smith died September 25, 1840.

My own parents were both born and raised in Ohio, as farmers. They received only a moderate education, as colleges and seminaries were then unknown in that part of the country. They had no carriages to go riding in when they were young. A walk of five or six miles was not considered much; but horseback riding was very fashionable among old and young alike. To go to church on Sunday, or to market or to mill with bag of corn, wheat or buckwheat swung across the horse's back, or even to weddings, ten, twenty or more miles away—all these were the most common, every-day affairs.

When my parents were married father was twenty-two and mother nineteen. Father came twenty miles on horseback with his company of family relatives and friends. On arriving at mother's home, they all rode around the house three times for good cheer, according to the style of the day. On these long rides it was customary for the young men to carry the girls' collarettes in their high silk hats, so they would not get mussed up.

The day after the wedding they, with their company, went to my father's home for the Infair. Accordnig to previous arrangement, they started after just one week to emigrate to Indiana. This was a wedding trip that some of our young folks wouldn't like very well nowadays—especially to go as my parents went, with their own team, taking in the wagon all they possessed, except their five horses and the cow named "Pink." I can remember hearing mother calling, "Suke—Pink;" and the cow would come home from as far as she could hear the call, out of the thick woods.

When they reached their journey's end, they settled in the beech and maple timber that was so thick they had to cut down trees and clear out a spot big enough on which to build their little log house of one room. But since they were married in June and had started at once, the house was built before winter set in.

Yet when they moved in, the only door was a quilt hung up, and the only curtain was another quilt at the little square window without glass. Later the fireplace chimney was completed with split sticks chinked up with mud plaster. Father split some puncheons from the big hard-wood trees and put down a floor big enough for the bed.

By keeping diligently at work, they had soon made a door, bed-stead, etc. A few hens were brought from a distant neighbor: mother borrowed a rooster and made a little chicken-house from small trees she had cut down; so in a short time they had plenty of chickens.

Father was a skilful hunter, so they fared well for meat, deer and other wild game being plentiful. They lived in happiness.

In the spring they made enough maple sugar, syrup (or molasses, as we always called it) and vinegar to do for the year. And they also had a splendid garden, having been provided

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with seeds before leaving home. They had everything necessary that was good to eat, and live well.

But on account of exposure and hard work, mother was troubled with rheumatism and both had chills and fever; so they concluded to go on to Illinois and try it there.

The five horse team was hitched on to the great covered wagon, and old "Pink," with her tinkling bell and playful progeny was made ready for another journey. Father and mother had found two little girls in the timber of Indiana: my sister, Sarah, and I were born there, Hoosiers: and sometimes I feel glad, even proud, that I was born a sturdy, hardy Hoosier. I was then three years old, and Sarah was six weeks old—pretty young to be an emigrant to a new country, to be one of the pioneers!

My parents and my uncle, Joseph Zumwalt, and his family, arrived in Will County, Illinois, at Troutman's Grove, near Joliet, in the spring of 1834, there to begin a pioneer life over again by starting a new home: and it had to be done very much as the first one had been.

Here my school days began. One of our neighbors who had come there about 1831, and was educated, was hired to teach the first school ever kept in that place. Scholars being scarce, the teacher got my parents to let me go, although a baby not four years old yet: but even now I can remember some things I did then. The teacher's name was Henry Watkins: he used to carry me home for dinner, for we lived near the little log school house. A row of wooden pins driven into the logs served for hooks for the boys' coats and hats and the girls' sunbonnets, hoods and kiss-me-quicks. Our seats were slabs from the sawmill, with limbs of trees driven in for legs. Our writing desks were rough boards about a foot and a half wide, made fast and sloping a little along the sides of the school room.

Our teacher, who was a Baptist, read a chapter from the Bible every morning, and prayed, with every scholar—big or little—kneeling down. Oh, that our public schools could follow that good old-fashioned way now! The teacher set our copies for writing and made our pens of goose quills. We made our own ink out of oak bark. I never saw red ink in those days.

We did not stay there long. Father thought best to move about five miles to the edge of Jackson's Grove, to be sheltered from the cold, bleak winds and storms. Then I had to walk more than a mile to school. I remember getting badly scared twice when alone —once when I saw a big snake lying across the path, and once when a mother pheasant came running after me to protect her brood of young.

About this time, stoves were coming into use, and father bought one for our home: it was an odd-looking concern. One day the teacher brought home from Chicago a few matches. We thought it very strange that fire should come out of a little stick when he struck a match on the stove pipe.

The girls never studied arithmetic in the school there, but did study grammar: the boys studied arithmetic, but no grammar. I was considered very good in Kirkham's Grammar. At times Mr. Watkins would let the entire school study out loud for five minutes; and then what a clattering and chattering we would have!

During the winter time we often had spelling schools in the evening: sometimes they would choose up and spell down several times the same evening. We also had singing school, which I attended after I became old enough; father usually went with us, which made it very pleasant.

My father was uncommonly ingenious: he was able to make almost everything that we needed to use in the pioneer days of Indiana and Illinois. He would go down by the Oplane River, cut down a cedar tree and rive out the staves. The wood next to the bark was white and the inside was red: he made his staves each half red and half white, so that it worked up very prettily into washtubs, kegs, buckets, keelers, and whatever we needed, taking young hickory trees and splitting them into strips for hoops to use on the utensils. Of larger hickories he made scrubbing brooms, by sawing a ring round the stick, then working the upper part down for the handle and splitting the other end into fine splints. He also used hickory splints for chair bottoms. He tanned the deer skin and made mittens, whip lashes and some gloves. He made and mended our shoes and boots, and did much of that for the neighbors. He did his own blacksmithing, and was a pretty good carpenter, too, making all his own axe-handles, etc. He made very good, coarse combs and back-combs from cow's horn.

After I was about ten years old, my mother was an invalid most of the time till we came to California: so Sarah and I had most of the housework to do. We were very early taught to work, not only in the house, but out of doors, too. When I was sixteen years old, mother sent to Indiana for feathers to make me a bed.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Cotton, my first husband, at school, and at temperance meetings. He and his sister used to sing temperance songs, sometimes comic ones, which I thought were nice and appropriate. But when they lent me their book my father said no they were not religious songs; so I had to return the book right away.

I do not know how old I was when I began the Christian warfare: I was too young to remember anything about it. My parents always went and took all of us children to the social and revival meetings—class, camp, quarterly, protracted, etc. I was a bashful, timid Christian, when I was young —so bashful that father threatened sending me away from home to live with a talkative milliner in Joliet. This very lady afterwards made my wedding dress and presented me with a beautiful head-dress for my marriage.

At seventeen and a half years I was married: no one seemed to think I was too young, nor my husband, Alexander Cotton, who was just past nineteen. My parents made a large wedding for us. I was dressed in white nainsook, trimmed with lace. I wore pink and white ribbons and a long bow to my waist, the ribbon reaching almost to the bottom of the dress, with bows at my wrists and neck. My back hair was braided and put up around a horse-shoe back comb, and in front I had three long curls hung from behind each ear.

The wedding was at two o'clock: then came the dinner, such a repast as the fertile State of Illinois could afford, for the whole company of about seventy-five persons. We did not go off for a wedding trip in those days; but stayed at home, letting our parents and friends share in the festivities.

We spent the evening sociably until near midnight: but about eleven, two of the girls went unstairs with me to my room, and then I went to bed. After the girls had gone down, in came my husband: he drew me up

from the back part of the bed, onto his arm, and just then the company came thronging at the door to catch a glimpse of us in bed. Then they left us, and soon were on the way to their homes.

The next day, with some of our brothers and sisters, we went to Wilmington by invitation, to have our infair at the home of a sister of my husband.

Father had recently bought a farm of eighty acres, with ten acres of woodland and a sugar camp. He now said: "Children, go onto the place and see how much you can make; and have all you make." We went, and we worked, too! Father gave me a good young horse and two cows, besides hogs, sheep, chickens, and everything we had in the house. I fully believe there never was a happier couple; and oh, how we did work! We made maple sugar in the spring, picked wild strawberries in abundance, and in winter trapped all the prairie chickens and quail we wanted. We always found time to drive over to our old home about once a week, and to raise a few beautiful flowers in summer.

We lived on this place only three years before we had enough saved up, with another "lift" from my father, to buy thirty acres of our own, in the edge of what was called Little Grove, then, but afterwards called Starr's Grove. There we had a beautiful place, with new house and fine creek of running water—everything, it seemed, to make us happy.

But this was not to last long. My husband began coughing, and rapidly grew worse and worse, until he went into the dread disease, consumption. Then our troubles began: and if we had not both learned to leave them with the great Burden Bearer, we would have been much worse off than we were.

We had two darling little sons, Albert and Joel; but our dear little daughter, Irene, inherited her father's weakness, and died when but four months old.

After strong and unmistakable symptoms, my father was taken with the California fever in the year 1849, when his brother (my uncle Zumwalt) crossed the Great Plains and came to California, bringing his wife and eleven children with him.

Well, after that spring it seemed that all my father could do was to read every item of California news he could get and talk about the new wonderland—for mother would not be persuaded to undertake such a journey.

But father kept reading and talking. One day he read that wheat and peaches were a sure crop every year: that greatly increased his desire to come. That desire, which was shared by all six of his sons and daughters, never waned nor grew cold.

At last, early in 1854, the doctors told us the only chance there was for my husband to live was to come to California that year. Of course, I at once told my parents I was going to venture all and make the start with him for California: we began at once to make arrangements to come.

Then my sister Sarah and her husband, James Shoemaker, decided they would come with us. And next, father's fever never having abated, mother consented to come, providing the old homestead could be kept unencumbered to return to in case we should not like California.

All went to work with a will to get ready for the great journey. Father began buying oxen and having new wagons made, good and strong. Times were very lively with us all that winter, selling home effects and buying our outfit. We had to part with all of our old and dear keepsakes, mementoes of our childhood, for we could take only just what we would need on the way.

My uncle Joseph and family, who had gone to California in '49, and returned to Illinois, were now ready for their second journey. Father's sister, Mrs. Nellie Troxel, and her family, with neighbors and friends, made up a party that started on with teams and live stock about the middle of March,

even before the snow and ice had gone. But never mind that—they were on their way to the great new country!

About the middle of April, the remainder of our party, having remained behind to finish the business affairs, started from Joliet by rail, and went to the terminus at Peoria. Then we took the steamboat down the Illinois River to the Mississippi, and down the great river as far as St. Louis. From St. Louis we proceeded up the Missouri to Kainsville. The Missouri River was then very low, and was full of mud, sandbars, snags, etc.; so we had a hard time at the very outset of our journey. The steamboat was badly snagged, and it leaked so fast that it was necessary to unload everything and put it onto another boat. I had the quinsy and was seriously sick with it; and my husband, by taking cold, was very low and indeed near to death with his disease.

But as soon as we were again on land, all began to feel better. The old boat never made another trip down the river; they left it at Kainsville to be used as a ferry boat. Here we met my father and the members of the advance guard. After a few days' preparation, we crossed the Missouri and our long, hard camping trip across the Great Plains was begun.

We found all the ox drivers we needed, simply for their board along the way. There were in our train besides our immediate family, which included by brothers John, Joseph and Daniel, and my sisters, Sarah and Lizzie, and those of uncle Joseph Zumwalt and aunt Nellie Troxel, neighbors and friends occupying in all twenty-five wagons and teams, nearly all of them ox teams of five yoke for each wagon.

When we camped at night we would drive our wagons so they would form a circle, and by putting the pole, or tongue, of each wagon upon the back axle-tree of the next, all around the circle, we had a pretty good corral.

But our large company could not remain together long; so much stock required more grass than could be found in one place near the road, for each family had besides the teams more or less loose stock, cows, calves, etc.

Some members of the company would become impatient and wish to hurry along as fast as their teams could go: after a few days we would usually overtake them and crawl along past them, as they would be stopped by the roadside to rest their cattle. We always went along slowly but steadily, stopping half a day each week, whenever we possibly could, to do our washing.

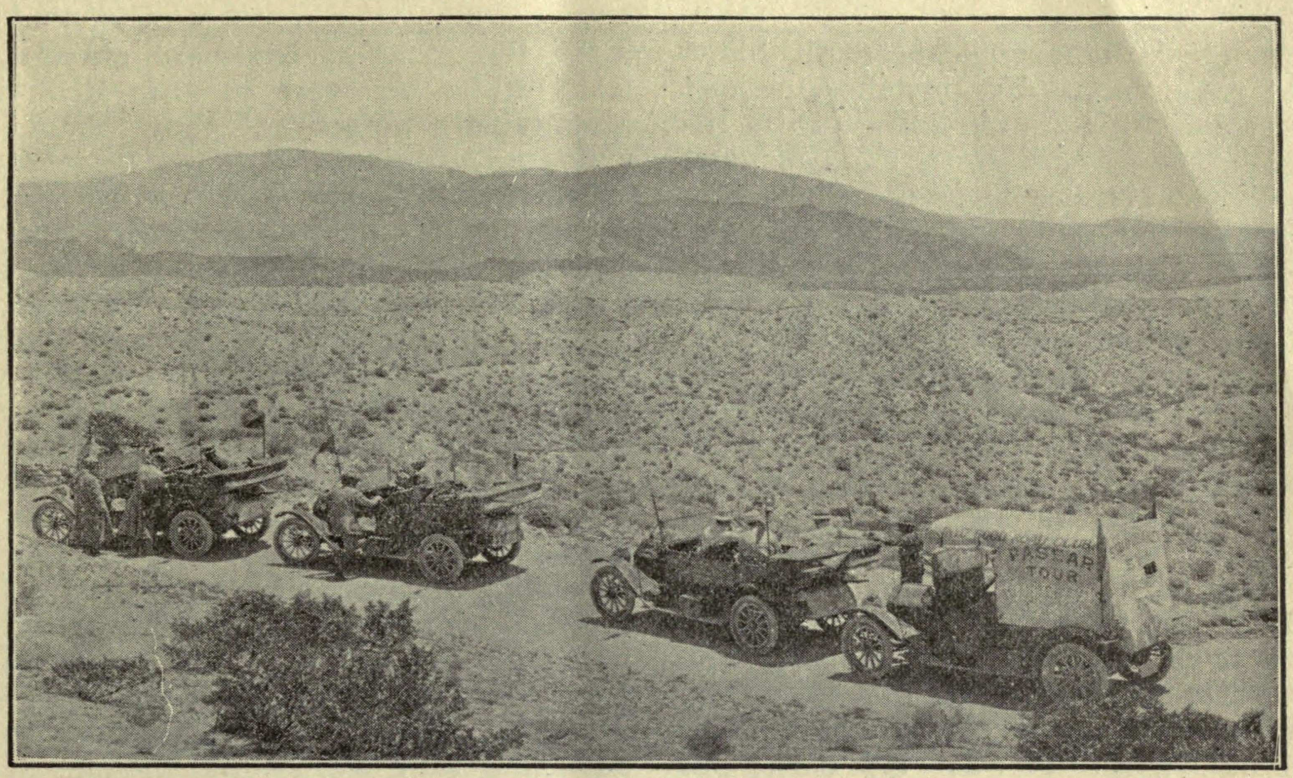
We always laid by over Sunday, I believe. Once we made a mistake: thinking it was Saturday, we were washing when some traders came along, from whom we learned it was Sunday. We quickly put away the washing for that day. That was the only time we completely lost track of the day of the week.

Our wagons were big and strong, and had good, stout bows, covered with thick, white drilling: so there was a nice room in each wagon, as everything was clean and fresh and new. Two strong iron hooks were fastened on the top of each side of our wagon-box, and a pole (called a spring-pole) laid in these hooks. Boards were laid across from pole to pole, thus making a spring bed that was very comfortable for my sick husband, after a good feather bed and plenty of covering were put in place. We had but one wagon of our own, with five yoke of oxen and two cows.

Most of the emigrant wagons had the names of the owners, place where they were from and where they were bound, marked in large letters on the outside of the cover.

There were stations along the way at great intervals: these were called trading posts, and they kept supplies of provision, ammunition, etc.; but the emigrants had to pay dearly for everything at these stations. The traders were glad to buy such dried fruits, jellies, jams, pickles, preserves, etc., as the emigrants had to spare.

We called it a good day's drive if



Motor car tourists going over one of the desert trails to California.

we went twenty miles, and a big drive if we went twenty-five miles; but in the mountains, and where we had streams to cross, we worked hard many times and went only five miles. I think I must have walked half of the way to California. Many times I did not get into the wagon to ride all day. Oh, the roads we passed over were terrible!

In some places in the mountains the men had to let the wagons down the deep pitches with chains: in other places it would take ten yoke of oxen, or more, to pull a wagon up the steep, slippery grades. But parts of our road were just beautiful, being level as a floor and bordered with carpets of green grass intermingled with flowers of every color.

We often saw herds of buffalo at a distance, but they were wild enough to keep out of the way of emigrants. At their watering places we saw dead ones partly eaten by wolves or other wild beasts. We frequently had buffalo meat, as well as bear, elk, deer, antelope, and fish, ducks and other wild game.

We always treated the Indians well and with respect, and they never molested us at any time. Day after day we heard stories of how the Indians had been treated badly by the emigrants, and how they were threatening to take the next train that came along to get revenge. Some emigrants did have trouble that year. We always gave them something to eat when they asked for it. I believe the Golden Rule helped us to get through safely.

As soon as we went into camp, if any Indians were in hearing distance, they would come to see us. They climbed up and looked into our wagons with great curiosity; yes, and astonishment, too, when they saw the display of guns and ammunition we had. We always had these hanging rather artistically on the inside of the wagon cover, so they would be the first thing to attract the visitors' attention, and they always looked sober at sight of them.

At night we placed our weapons of defense by the sides of our beds in our tents. I claimed the ax for mine, and always saw that it was close to me; but I never had occasion to use it on an Indian.

Sometimes it was trying to notice

how the Indians would act with things we gave them. For instance, on one occasion a big Indian and a pitiful little fellow begged food, and we gave each a plateful. The big fellow soon cleaned his plate and then took the little one's plate away from him, bringing a sorrowful look to the little face. When we showed our astonishment, he said by way of explanation, placing his hand upon his stomach, then pointing to his companion: "Me heap big: him little belly!" The little boy looked sorry, but did not cry—I surmise he was used to such treatment.

One night in particular, more than any other, we expected to be killed or taken as captives. (Imagine for one moment what a feeling that is!) The Indians formed in line on both sides of our camp. It was very dark; but when they built fires on both sides, we knew they were in line. Then they set up their terrible war-whoop, and kept it up until late into the night. Greatly frightened, we made ready for an attack. But fortunately they did not molest us at all, except as we suffered in our minds from our fright. That night we kept ample guard, and what little sleep we did get we took with our hands on our weapons. Early the next morning we moved on quietly as if nothing had happened.

We had music in camp many an evening. Some of the company having brought their musical instruments, such as violins or guitars; and when not too tired we would sing hymns of praise. The young people had a good time and a great deal of fun. They were free from care, and could ride on horseback or in the wagons all they pleased, or could walk along the road together.

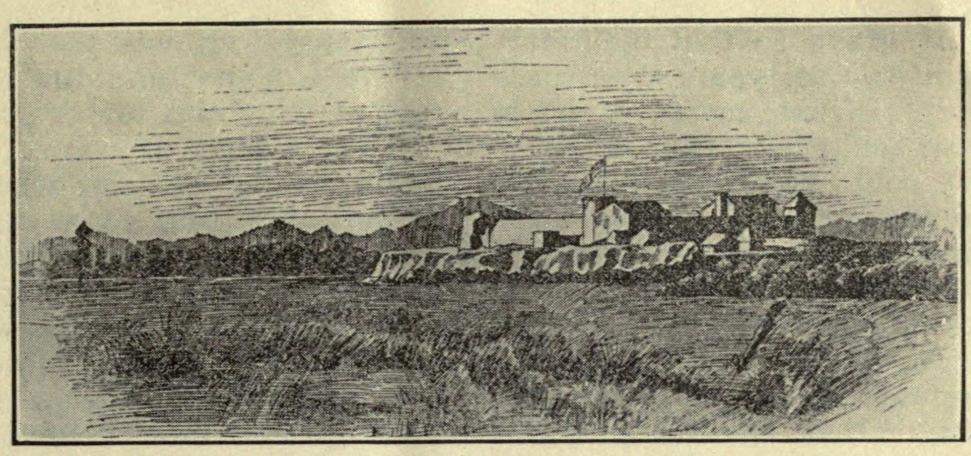
We managed to sew enough to keep our clothes in order while the oxen were poking along where the road was level. Some worked at crocheting or knitting a little occasionally, just for pastime. We had nothing to read but our Bibles and a few hymn books.

I did not notice the cold or heat very much on our trip. We had many hard, cold rain and hail storms. I think the most severe were encountered while we were in the Rocky Mountains. Sometimes they would sluice us out of our tents; so we were compelled to hurry our beds and everything up into the wagons. I remember one night especially when I worked in the rain till I was drenched through and through: my feet *squished* in my shoes. In that condition I did not dare to get into bed with my poor, sick husband and my little children for fear of giving them cold: so I drew myself up into the front end of the wagon as far as I could, with my feet extending outside, and very soon I dropped off to sleep and slept soundly, being so tired out. Such exposure never hurt me in the least—we could live in almost any way out of doors, so hardened were we by that manner of life. And right here I want to recommend living out of doors for the invalid when the weather will at all permit; I believe it to be better than medicine.

For about three weeks I was sick with what was called mountain fever. We were then traveling along the Humboldt River, where we could get no good water, although constantly in sight of plenty of snow. Oh, how good that snow looked to me! Surely, I thought, if any one of the rest of our company were burning up with fever, as I was, and I was well, I would go and get some snow—it looked so near! And yet they said it must be a hundred miles from us. Distance was very deceiving.

After the fever had had its run, I recovered, with God's care—for little care did I have but his, before we came to the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

While the young folk were having their good times, some of the mothers were giving birth to their babes: three babies were born in our company that summer. My cousin Emily Ibe (later Emily West of Dixon) gave birth to a son in Utah, forty miles north of Great Salt Lake, one evening; and the next morning she traveled on until noon, when a stop was made, and another child was born—this time Susan



Fort Laramie at the time of the Pony Express across the plains to California

Longmire was the mother made happy by the advent of little Ellen. The third birth occurred after we had separated from Uncle Joseph's family: the wife of my cousin Jacob Zumwalt gave birth to a daughter while traveling in the Sierra Nevada. To this baby they gave the name Alice Nevada. In every instance, after the birth, we traveled right along the next day, mothers and babes with the rest of us.

We had an unusual commotion one afternoon and night, near the fork of the Sweetwater River. My youngest sister, Lizzie, then twelve years old, was lost. She had started off in search of firewood and completely lost her bearings. Finally she found the road and walked back on it five miles, when she came to a camp of emigrants. Two of them brought her into our excited camp about eleven o'clock at night. My mother was nearly beside herself when they brought her in all safe and sound but very tired.

Our train went north of Salt Lake and passed what was known as Sublet's Cutoff, where Ogden now is. As most of our company wished to go through by Salt Lake, we were again divided, our own party having but one other family besides my father's—Mrs. Neff, a widow, with her three sons, Jim, Dan and John, and a daughter named Sarah. Jim was married, having with him his wife and son.

He was very sick through Nevada. At Carson we thought he would die, but he refused to take our medicine (calomel and quinine), saying he would die first. Coming so near to death's door, he finally concluded to take the medicine, so he got well in due time. He was a soft kind of man, with little *grit* or *vim* in him.

Day after day we traveled along, slowly, very slowly. The roads were almost impassable: the days were hot and the nights freezing cold. Near the summit of the Sierras we came to the snow: it was the month of August.

It was here, in the midst of the great mountains, that I met with the greatest trial and loss of my life, up to this time. It was the loss of my dear husband, the father of my two little boys. He died August 21st, 1854. He was a noble, good Christian man. Oh, the patience he showed all along the road! Never recovering sufficient strength to get out, he sat there in the wagon alone through those long months, except for a few weeks along the Sweetwater River. How proud he was then: and I, too! We thought he would get well. But when we came into the Sierras, he took fresh cold, from which he never recovered. The long, lingering disease had run its course and ended his short life: his brave spirit departed at Twin Lakes, a beautiful little valley on this side of the summit—so he died in California.

We laid the body away in the best manner we possibly could, specially

marking the grave so that emigrants passing that way for years afterwards would take particular notice of it: in this way we could hear from it sometimes. We could not linger there between the two majestic pines where my husband's body was tenderly laid to rest; there was no grass for the cattle. We must push on.

That night we found grass, so decided to remain for a day or two for washing and other needful preparations; for we were now almost at our journey's end.

Only two or three days more and we sighted the beautiful valley of the Cosumnes. We went on through to Sacramento, which had grown up around Sutter's Fort into a thriving city. Then we remained out on the American River (a branch of the Sacramento) for two weeks, while my father was looking about for a place to live. After looking over several different places, including the vicinity of Dixon—which he pronounced worthless for farming—he bought his farm on Deer Creek, near Daylor's Ranch, on the Cosumnes. It had a good, comfortable house, considering the early date.

I remained with my parents, with my two little boys: but after a while, so many came to ask me to work for them, I concluded to hire out to work, although I had never worked away from home. For my work I never received less than $50 a month, and for a part of the time I received $75. Women were scarce in California in comparison to men, and it was hard to secure woman's help. I would leave the children with mother, as she didn't have much work to do in those days. My wagon I had sold, a part of the money received for it being two fifty-dollar California slugs, one of them round and the other eight-sided. They were no rarety in those days, being quite plentiful as currency.

My first acquaintance with Mr. D. R. Hunt was made by riding with him for thirty miles on his grain wagon to the place where I went to work, a large country hotel called the Somerset House. He was then hauling barley to Coloma, and the landlord arranged with him to take me up.

As a matter of course, Mr. Hunt, being an old bachelor who had come to California four years earlier, would come into the parlor a little while on his arrival with every load to inquire how the young widow was getting along, bring some message from home, or take some word back to my folks. Each time I went to visit at home, I went with him on his grain or hay wagon.

I did not remain long at the Somerset House. One of the owners, whose wife was with him, sold out to the other, whose wife was still in Boston; so if I were to remain I would be the only woman there and must take the place of landlady. Mr. Lindsey offered me $75 a month for all winter, and said I might keep little Albert and Joel with me, as well as do sewing and washing besides my wages. But no; I would not consent to stay.

In a little while I began working for the Eldorado House on the Placerville road, being engaged as cook for the house. Of course, teaming from the Hunt ranch paid better on the Placerville road now; so I still had good opportunity of hearing from home often!

I remained at the Eldorado House until May; then Mr. Hunt thought I had better not work out any more. So I did up a good lot of sewing for myself and children, feeling quite independent about my clothes, as I had earned the money to buy them myself. Mr. Hunt had a squatter's right to some land on a Spanish grant, only half a mile from my father's house. He had built a small house of four rooms, but these were not finished then.

So we were married in my father's house, August 5th, 1855. I was dressed in white, with embroidered pink flowers. Thus I began my married life in California. It has brought many joys and many sorrows. And now my five stalwart sons, all native sons of California, the fruit of my second marriage, have grown to manhood's estate.

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